

and we'd ask him in  
talk a bit to him  
and continue to drink and fight.  
he came over 3 times  
without his wife  
and we were always like that.

I moved out finally  
and we continued to drink and fight  
only we didn't live together all the time.  
then we saw each other less and less.  
one day I saw her in a department store  
trying on a pair of sun glasses.  
"say," I asked her, "the professor: did he ever  
finish Moby Dick?"

"yeah," she said, "he finished Moby Dick and  
he's going back to teaching in the fall."

"don't buy those shades," I said, "you look awful  
in them."

"I quite like them," she said.

I walked off down the aisle looking for  
toothpaste.

#### WITH A CLASS LADY IN A BIG FLOWER HAT ...

we have to keep finding new places. Paris is  
shit New York is shot New Orleans is silt London  
is sour Vienna is a whore's slit Madrid is a pillar  
of salt San Francisco is sinking Tangiers stinks  
Rome spills old piss Naples is nothing Athens for  
assholes Dublin for dynamiters Cairo for crisis  
Bombay for bums Belfast for bombers Detroit for  
death Tokyo for Toyota San Diego for gonorrhea  
semen Las Vegas for lechery New Haven for  
Connecticut.

we have to keep finding new places and the places  
to find new places get less and less, it's even  
hard to find an apartment if you've got a wife or  
a girlfriend or a child or a dog or a cat, it's  
even hard to find an apartment if you are alone.

we've got to keep finding new places, and it  
won't rain and the grass is seldom green and  
utilities are up and the dollar is down and  
each third person you pass on the street is  
on welfare or ATD.

and Paris is shit and New York is shot  
and I always wanted to ride one of those  
horse-drawn carriages east of Canal street

driven by a black in a high hat  
and me drunk  
with a class lady in a big flower hat ....

we have to find a place  
just a tiny bit of a new place.

don't send me to Jesus.

just send me a postcard with a few  
words.

I won't tell anybody.  
we won't let them fuck it up like  
they did Taos and Big Sur.

no, don't use a postcard.  
send me the information in an envelope  
and seal it with the best red wax  
you can find anywhere.

#### I LIKED HIM

I liked D.H. Lawrence  
he could get so indignant  
in such an arty manner  
he snapped and he ripped  
with wonderfully energetic sentences  
he could lay the word down  
bright and writhing  
there was the stink of blood and murder  
and sacrifice about him  
he was hardly jolly  
the only softness he allowed  
was when he bedded with his large German  
cow.

I liked D.H. Lawrence --  
he could talk about Christ  
like the man next door  
and he could describe Australian taxi drivers  
so well that you hated them.

I liked D.H. Lawrence  
but I'm glad I never met him  
in some bistro  
him lifting his tiny hot cup of  
tea  
and looking at me  
with his worm-hole eyes.